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# Fitz and The Fool



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**Chapter 1 by Suzi Rowsell**

**Please only write on this story if you have read the books- it carries on from the end**

Molly sat by the fire, clutching her knitting needles to her chest.

A long brown scarf was curled around her feet.

Nettle found some bread in the cupboard and offered me some, i shook my head.

Everything was silent except for the quiet crackling of the fire.

The paper by my side was torn, i had ripped it apart in my anger of not being able to force words of my life onto the paper.

I had tried to recall the time of Nighteye's death.

Oh, loyal Nighteyes.

I remember that day so damn clearly.

But i cannot, for the life of me, write the words on paper.

Life is so calm.

But the young Fitz still wants adventure, he wants a change...

...and the rest of the story is here

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